

## Cow Made David B. Hill A Bachelor

THE political career of David Bennett Hill was one of unusual success, with the exception that the former New York Democratic leader failed to attain his desired goal, the presidency, when he was defeated for the nomination by Grover Cleveland in 1892. Thereafter Hill's sun had set, and he soon passed into comparative retirement at his home, Wolfert's Roost, near Albany, where he died recently. But in that time he had been a legislator, mayor of Elmira, lieutenant governor and governor of New York and a United States senator from the Empire State as well and was regarded as a man of great ability, his speech against the income tax in 1894 being especially notable.

Former Senator Hill died a bachelor at the age of sixty-seven. He was noted for the purity of his private life and neither drank nor smoked. His chief recreations were the theater and baseball. Apropos of the latter De Wolf Hopper told a story of leaving a ball game with Mr. Hill which had resulted in a New York defeat because of a poor throw.

"The game was only lost by one error," said Hopper deprecatingly.

"Humph," grunted the hard losing Hill. "So was paradise."

His confirmed bachelorhood was the subject of many jests.

As Roosevelt's first term was drawing to a close and the campaign of 1904 being talked over Hill asked a newspaper friend what the issues would be and suggested the tariff and the Philippines. But his friend demurred.

"No," he replied; "I think it will be race suicide, with Roosevelt on one ticket and you on the other."

It is asserted that a cow and lamp combination played as important a part in making Mr. Hill a bachelor as it did in the big Chicago fire. The result was that the willingly courted young woman became the bride of a man who later occupied the position of town constable, while the youth whose prospects were considered as naught was governor, senator and a bachelor to the last.

Because of the parental opposition young Hill decided on strategy in calling one night. The girl's father was



DAVID BENNETT HILL.

attending a lodge, and the mother, a cripple, sat in the parlor on guard. So Hill called with a cow, which he tied in the garden. Presently the old lady announced frantically that the cow was trampling her flower beds.

"Never mind, mother," said the female conspirator. "Give me your crutch and Dave and I'll drive it out."

As they rushed out of the house they slammed the door and extinguished the lamp and then spent a rapturous hour with the cow. But the old mother managed to light the lamp and as she had time to think became suspicious. The appearance of the blushing couple confirmed her suspicions, and Dave was banished forever.

Hill's famous slogan, "I am a Democrat," was evolved in his first gubernatorial campaign in 1885 and practically won him victory that year. It became a national byword, and for ever after Hill was caricatured with a little silk hat, from which floated a feather bearing the motto.

A Democratic meeting was held in Brooklyn, and a number of party dignitaries from various states had gathered to galvanize into activity an apparently dismal campaign. Grover Cleveland, recently installed as president, had offended many of his party by his declaration to follow the spoils to the victors principle, and opposition ran high. This aided in the apathy at Brooklyn that night, and when Hill was introduced his welcome was perfunctory.

He advanced to the edge of the platform, thanked the chairman and audience and then paused. His next words were, "I am a Democrat." He said nothing else, and the audience, silent a moment, grasped the hidden meaning and went wild. Hugh McLaughlin, then boss in Brooklyn, patted Hill on the shoulder and said, "My boy, you've won it."

And he had. The remainder of Hill's speech was an enthusiastic endorsement of the Cleveland administration, and victory followed.

Every Little Movement. A visitor to the cobbler's shop noticed one day a barrel half full of tiny brass cogwheels.

"Why," he said, "what are all those for?"

"Goodness knows," answered the cobbler, with a careless laugh. "I get about a cupful out of every clock I mend."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## PARIS TRIES TRAFFIC PUZZLE

Methods of W. P. Eno, New York's Savior, Now on Trial.

Paris is now attempting to unravel its traffic problem, and thousands of American visitors are among the sincere well-wishers of the movement. If the streets of the French capital are finally put in shape so far as traffic is concerned, the credit will largely be due to William Phelps Eno of New York city, an unpaid but enthusiastic student of this perplexing problem of all large cities.

True, Paris has not been successful in putting the New York regulations into the Parisian drivers' heads, but it may be done in time if certain Frenchmen stop cribbing Mr. Eno's English and making a worse botch of it than did the Gallic translator of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County."

It was Mr. Eno who evolved the traffic regulations which have made New York's streets comparatively safe for pedestrians. These regulations were the result of several years' study



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at home and abroad, he being a lover of horses and a man of independent means.

Paris adopted the Eno regulations, but put them into effect before instructing the drivers; hence the failure of the system. Then a French politician drafted some ordinances, using Mr. Eno's plan, but so badly jumbling them in translation that the hundred thousand drivers vitally interested were at a loss to understand their import.

So Mr. Eno was sent for again, and a new set of ordinances, identical with those in force in New York, was prepared for a six months' trial.

## OUTLAW NOW A CAPTIVE.

John F. Dietz, Seven Years' Defier of Courts, on Trial.

For seven years John F. Dietz, the "outlaw of Cameron dam," has held the attention of the newspaper reading public by his successful defiance of courts and their officers and corporations. Now he is on trial, charged with murdering a deputy sheriff.

Intrenched in his log castle near Winter, Wis., the burly "lumberjack" laughed at writs and made a big corporation pay tribute to have its logs pass over its own dam. Deaths and wounds have been among the results of this brigandage, and death may atone, but Dietz's conviction is considered doubtful, as he has had the sympathy of his neighbors in his fight with the lumber company.

All this warfare started seven years ago, when to collect \$842 he claimed



JOHN F. DIETZ.

a lumber company owed him Dietz held up 2,000,000 feet of lumber from going over the dam, which is located on his property on the Thornapple river. When the corporation took the matter into court Dietz declined to accept service and successfully resisted several posess of county and federal authorities. At one time it was thought the governor would order a company of Wisconsin militia to capture the beleaguered family, but nothing came of this.

The Easy Way. "You must take rigorous exercise if you expect to regain your health."

"Aw, shucks, doc; why can't I take some kind of a patent pill?"—Kansas City Journal.

No man or boy is ever the slightest good in this world unless he has ambition.—Lord Stanley.

## Spain and Her Young Monarch

THERE is another boy king on whom the eyes of the world are now focused—Alfonso of Spain—owing to the riots that have broken out in his domain following the upheaval in Portugal. The trouble in Spain comes as no surprise, as it has been well known for months past that a storm was brewing in that country and the police and military have had their hands full to prevent a general uprising.

Barcelona is the great center of discontent in Spain, and it is there that General Weyler has been placed in command. He has not only had the anniversary of "bloody week" to deal with, but has also been confronted with a miners' strike. It was from Barcelona that Alejandro Lerroux, chief of the republicans there, is reported to have sent his ominous message to Provisional President Braga of Portugal:

"Start your revolution. We will take care of ours."

Alfonso is a fatalist. "What must will happen," said he recently. "I have had twenty-four years' fun, and if I go up in fireworks—well, there's a bouncing boy to take my place, which was not the case when my father died." The wonderful training which the queen mother has given him has always been a matter of comment all over Europe.

The young king has crained many narrow escapes from death in his short life. When he was a baby he was found half choked in a dirty clothes basket. He had been kidnapped and hidden there until an opportunity occurred for taking him out of the palace. This was really the origin of Queen Christina's anxiety for his safety, which with the passage of years has developed into almost a mania with her. One of Alfonso's narrowest



KING ALFONSO, QUEEN VICTORIA AND THEIR TWO SONS.

escapes occurred when he was charged by a mad bull. Most boys would have run away, but Alfonso stood his ground and, coolly lifting his rifle, brought the beast dead at his feet with a well directed bullet.

Almost his first auto experience nearly cost him his life. He had learned to drive a car and invited some of his ministers out for a drive. They had no alternative but to go. When they had started the king took control of the car from the chauffeur and sent it ahead at full speed and in the first five minutes succeeded in bringing about a collision with a tree. The car was smashed up and the party thrown violently out. When they got up it was to see the king sitting on the ground holding his sides in a paroxysm of laughter.

Alfonso was almost the first monarch in Europe to drive a motor car. A member of his household bought one, and the young king, seeing it, insisted on being shown how it worked. Then one day, when the car was standing idle, he jumped in and started off at fifty miles an hour round the grounds. When at last he brought the car to a standstill an official ran up and rated him soundly for jeopardizing his life.

"You mind your own business," retorted Alfonso. "If I attended to your affairs as well as I did to that car just now Spain could do without its king." He is a splendid horseman and plays polo as if he cared precious little for his neck. When he was twenty-old enough to know better—he rode a horse up the palace stairs and into his mother's drawing room. Queen Christina was so startled she fainted.

Queen Victoria, the wife of Alfonso, was the Princess Ena of Battenburg before their marriage, which occurred on May 31, 1906. Their first son, the crown prince, was born on May 10, 1907, and he is a handsome, robust little chap. The couple have three children, two sons and a daughter, the latter being the youngest.

Economy demands that we save everything that has been produced if it has any value as a food for man or animals. The fact that it is not salable need not deter us. Many products that are not salable have utility on the farm.

## HOW TO DOSE A COW.

Directions For Administering Medicine to the Animal.

The bottle most commonly employed, and the best glass bottle as regards shape and strength, is a quart champagne, but a better appliance still is the tin drenching bottle sold by the agricultural supply stores. It cannot be broken and is provided with an air hole which secures a steady and even flow of medicine from the neck.

In administering the dose the common practice is to straighten and slightly elevate the head by grasping the nose with the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, but this is calculated to interfere with respiration and is unnecessary except in the case of very rough animals, which are certainly rendered more amenable to reason by this grasping of the muzzle.

A much better plan with the quiet animal is for the person giving the medicine to stand with his back against the right shoulder of the cow, slightly fix the head to the right and, passing the left arm over the face, place the hand in the left side of the mouth with the fingers against the palate, and give the dose with the bottle held in the right hand, introducing only the nozzle and allowing the contents to run out with a continuous steady flow.

Where an assistant is necessary to the holding of the animal he should stand on the left side and grasp both horns, or if the beast is very unruly take the right horn in the right hand and grasp the nasal septum firmly with the left, turning the head in the direction of the administrator on the right side of the animal and avoiding too much elevation.

With very rough or wild cattle an instrument for grasping the nasal septum, called "bulldogs," is employed, but a couple of determined men can generally give the drink while this instrument is being fixed. Generally what may be called the quiet method is the easiest and most expeditious, and the expert manipulator rarely needs any assistance in the dosing.—American Cultivator.

## A Firelight Party.

"A pleasant little holiday entertainment that could be readily copied in any locality was one for which the invitation cards were decorated with burning logs thereon," says Mary Dawson in Woman's Home Companion for December. "The gathering was named as 'A Firelight Party,' and the guests were urged in the text to come and read the pictures in the fire on a certain day and date."

The company arrived on the occasion appointed to find the living-hall lighted by a genial hickory blaze which formed the principal illumination, other luminaries in the form of gas and lamps being turned low or extinguished. The fireplace itself was prettily set off with a background of green pine boughs and garlands of hemlock and evergreen.

"After an exchange of greetings all gathered around the fireplace and while the entertainer read aloud the touching passages from 'Our Mutual Friend' where Lizzie Hexham reads the pictures in the glowing firelight for her younger brother. Afterward paper and pencils were distributed and each was asked to write a short description of the picture seen in the fire on the present occasion. There were no specifications, each one writing the tale his fancy suggested, without restrictions, save as to time. At the end of ten minutes the papers were collected and read by the hostess who awarded a framed picture representing a firelight scene for the one considered clearest."

"The awarding of the prize was followed by a symposium of ghost stories original or otherwise. A popular novel was presented to the player whose tale was adjudged most hair-raising. Corn was popped and marshmallows toasted on put out sticks. Just before adjournment for supper a clever amateur reader dressed in old-time costume came quietly out from the shadows and delighted the company with several love poems, among them Owen Meredith's 'Aur I tellen.' Two of the recitations were delivered with an accompaniment of low music."

"Supper was served at little tables by candle-light and consisted of sandwiches, cider, coffee, cookies, nuts and other such homely good things."

## Why Senator Hale Voted for Free Hides.

"Other senators whose states had tanneries and shoes and leather manufactures solicited the removal of the duty were forced in the end to stand by Mr. Aldrich, although they may have promised to vote for the removal of the duty. Senators Penrose and Hale are cases in point. Both promised to vote for free hides and both withdrew their promise. A letter from Senator Hale who has fallen into the writer's hands, explains clearly why he did not keep his promise."

"Last week," wrote Senator Hale on May 31, "the amendment putting lumber on the free list would have carried but for votes of the senators from the West and the South, and with free lumber, as it was under the Wilson-Gorman bill, Maine's lumber mills would be out of business."

"I have to look at all these things and some of my friends will undoubtedly be disappointed at some of the votes which I may give, but if I think my duty as an all-round protectionist calls for me to vote for a duty on hides I shall do so, much as I regret that you and other good friends do not agree with me."—Miss Ida M. Tarbell in the December American Magazine. "Mr. Aldrich and the Tariff."

## Roosevelt's Treachery to Taft!

The writer in the "Interpreter's House," in the December American Magazine gives us more of Mr. Worldly Wiseman's opinion. Nothing is more subtle or powerfully effective than sarcasm, and the writer—who is a master at his art—gets in some deadly work. None of our magazineists is writing with so skillful a pen as this contributor to the "Interpreter's House" each month. Speaking of Colonel Roosevelt's opinions and attitudes, Mr. Worldly Wiseman is made to say:

"Then look at his disloyalty to Mr. Taft. Here is a man he put in office. He trained Taft, nominated Taft, and elected Taft. One would think that, even if he feels jealous of the president he would conceal it and pretend to adore him. Yet with the exception of a few lines in one of his speeches of the crazy westerners he has never alluded to his prestige. His intimate friends say that it is Taft who is ungrateful."

\$10,000,000

## Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company

Thirty-Year First Mortgage Sinking Fund  
5 Per Cent Gold Bonds

Dated January 1, 1911

Due January 1, 1941

Optional at 105 and interest on January 1, 1916, or any interest date thereafter. Interest payable January 1 and July 1 in New York. Denominations \$500 and \$1000. Coupon or registered Bonds

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY of New York, TRUSTEE

Application will be made to have these bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange

The Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, owns and controls the entire Bell Telephone business in the Southeast Coast section of the United States, comprising the States of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, and a portion of West Virginia. This entire area is rapidly increasing in population and wealth.

Of the Company's \$21,400,000 outstanding Capital Stock, upon which six per cent dividends are being paid, \$21,394,300 thereof is owned by the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

The earnings of the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company have shown an uninterrupted annual increase for many years. Earnings for the year ended December 31, 1910, (November and December estimated) are officially reported as follows:

Gross Revenue	\$6,000,000
Operating Expenses and taxes	4,300,000
Net Earnings	1,700,000
Interest on present issue of First Mortgage Bonds	500,000
Surplus	1,200,000

\*Including \$1,820,000 maintenance charges.

The net earnings of the Company are over three times first mortgage bond interest even prior to the issuance of these bonds and before the investment of a large part of the proceeds thereof in further additions, betterments and improvements.

The present replacement value of the physical property alone, by which, in the opinion of counsel, the First Mortgage Bonds will be secured, without considering good will or franchises, has been appraised at over \$23,000,000, or over twice the outstanding bonds.

The foregoing statements are taken from the letter of Mr. W. T. Gentry, the President of the Company, copies of which may be obtained at any of the offices of the undersigned.

Pending the issue of the definitive bonds, temporary receipts will be issued.

Applications for these bonds may be made at the offices of the Harris Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, and Messrs. N. W. Harris & Company, New York and Boston.

We offer the above bonds at 96 and accrued interest at which price they will net the investor 5.27 p. c. and recommend them as a conservative investment

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that Taft has consorted with the enemies of his benefactor and has taken pains to show his disagreement with the spirit of the preceding administration. What nonsense! As soon as his election was announced, he wrote Mr. Roosevelt a letter in which he stated distinctly that he owed his election to Charles F. Taft and Roosevelt beyond all others. This was very handsome. But it was not to be expected that, not being in sympathy with the Roosevelt policies and having up kind of fellowship with the Roosevelt personal following, he would go on with both. It is too much to ask of a man. And it is a practical absurdity in politics for a statesman to make a show of gratitude. Mr. Taft, not Roosevelt, was elected president, and as president he had to work with the tools most convenient for his way of running a government. Consequently he put forward Senator Aldrich, Roosevelt's enemy, as the administration's financial representative and took sides with that most unjustly abused man, Speaker Cannon, in the fight against the insurgents. Roosevelt's vague theories about conservation found no sympathy in Mr. Taft's mind, and the great lawyer with his deep-seated belief in the sacredness of private enterprise must have felt a good deal of contempt for that poor gone wild, Gifford Pinchot. Realizing that Pinchot was Roosevelt's personal friend, the president did not remove him, but thrust him back into his proper sphere as a kind of park superintendent and placed over him an accomplished lawyer and trained business man, Mr. Ballinger, who, Mr. Lawler and other able men, were to act as a check on the gentle lunatic with his theories about the small owners and saving the forests from the corporations for future generations—of what? Of corporations. It was not Mr. Taft's fault if Pinchot resigned. Then again he has been blamed for going to Minnesota and picking out Congressman Tawney for special praise. Tawney is a western man, but except for that I know nothing against him. He is much admired among his friends. He felt it his interest to oppose Roosevelt, and he did it with great personal bitterness. It was Tawney who smashed Roosevelt's outrageous plan to employ secret service agents to ferret out possible corruption in Congress. Tawney is a man of the world, although a westerner. Taft saw in him a strong man who could be useful to the administration, and according gave him his endorsement."

## Why Church Pews Are Empty.

A well-known clergyman, the Reverend W. T. S. Lumber, contributes an illuminating article to Suburban Life for December, in which he ridicules some of the reasons often advanced for staying away from church on Sunday. He says: "Thousands who once attended the suburban church now cover themselves with dirt and grease and vexation of spirit, in a long, wild rush through scenery they don't see, and, irreverently, call it worshipping God. The working man, who is so tired when night comes he can hardly stand, must play ball on Sunday; the clerk, who has been on his feet all week, and grown very weary, must teach his white and delicate fingers to twirl the golf stick on the Lord's day, and get the kink out of his legs and the cobwebs out of his brain; the rich man, or the would-be rich man, who has more afternoons and evenings than he knows what to do with during the week, must deaden his smile on the Sabbath day by a couple of hundred miles "spin" in his automobile. These are some of the reasons for the decline in Sunday worship in suburban churches."

Mentholates, the best cough drop, for sale only by Davis, the druggist, 5c the package.

## "All Honorable Men."

There is hope yet in Montpelier. The solons from the country who wish to get home to their respective households, shops, banks or farms have had a serious discussion on the question of mileage. The assessment of the state at the rate of 10 cents a mile seems to strike some of the members at least as just plain, simple robbery of the people. In the first place they don't need to go home so often; in the second place, if it is rightful and necessary to take frequent trips home, they ought to take out of the taxpayers' pockets only the cost of the trip.

Moreover, in addition to the forced holdup of the taxpayers, there is another thing, namely the fact that the man who travels 100 miles each way gets a net profit from his trip of sixteen dollars. That is a nice little bunch of money or evidence of money, to lay

by after every journey to his home; while the Montpelier man, Mr. Corry, gets 20 cents, and if he had to travel by rail he would get a rake-off of 16 cents. The others get their rake-off in varying sums between. The News believes that this game of taking money from the state is wholly wrongful—without a single feature to redeem it, or to make it more honest than plain stealing.

This mileage graft is much like the corporation robbery. If it were to be tried on the public by one man under his own name it would not be done. But the three hundred men in mass—like the board of directors of the sugar trust, for example—they will do things that not one man of them who has a conscience would do at all if he alone was asked to take the responsibility; and yet "they are all, all honorable men."—Burlington News.

Safety razors at any price you wish to pay, from 50 cents to \$8.00, at Kendrick's drug store.

# Auction!

We have had a Piano Player left here with instructions to sell not later than Christmas. We have not found a customer; therefore we will sell it at public auction on the date mentioned below. We will also close out our complete line of Skates, about 40 pairs; 500 wax graphophone records, both Columbia and Edison make; 5 graphophones, some slightly out of repair, all second-hand machines; also 25 framed pictures, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$6.00. A few ladies' and gents' pocketbooks, one ladies' mink throw—genuine Vermont mink. We will close out the above lines and discontinue them. We have about 6 second-hand guns that will go in this sale.

Thursday, Dec. 22, at 7 P. M.

AT OUR STORE, 14 ELM STREET, BARRE, VT.

Your chance to buy a Christmas present for any member of the family at your own price. This "Angelus" Piano Player that is to be sold cost about \$300.00. We have had an expert look it over and put it in A-No. 1 condition.

Don't miss this sale—Thursday at 7 p. m.

C. F. SMITH, Auctioneer.

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